

contents

1. The Second Coming of Gorkh
2. Broken Machinery
3. When you & I were young
4. Finding of America
5. Let's go to the East
6. Expanding
7. The
8. When I was a boy
9. Mephistopheles & the Mad Tragic of Abraxas

MY TRUTH

Book Five

~~JANUARY~~ / FEBRUARY / MARCH

2010 (winter)

Do Yourself a Favor by Stevie Wonder

Isolated junk yard Letting out the garbage
Eating through the core of life
Sugart fragrance irritates In a state room death
awaits Perseute your own self-pride
Suffocate the now high Ride the thorny mule that cries
"Dig your grave and step right in."
Like a Judas pay the price 30 peices for a ride
Here's the fire take a chew

2x *

Do yourself a favor Educate your mind
Set yourself together Hey there aint much time
Shredded / four-hour give away Species of the human race
Those funky winds of ups and downs
Hall of girt is known too well
Heaven still is your Hell
Poison slowly slowly drowns
Let the Devil step right in Lucifer's your only friend
Aint ~~a~~ ~~all~~ soul go'n pity you
Hurry over time to death
With open arms it waits I bet
Dont you wish you could reach ground?

5 February 2010 Friday

I awaken this morning with the blues. My left foot is once again in pain. I guess I'll have to find my LIMP while walking. I have become an alcoholic... I do believe I have become more and more intimate with alcohol ~~see~~ this past year. When I return to New Jersey I may be living in a tent outside in the snow until I can get into an apartment.

[I return to Jersey more of a drunkard than when I left. Still crazy after all these years. In fact, I'm crazier than ever.] What I offer on my website is unique - a bold attempt to articulate my displeasure with having been born.

My nephew's current state is one of being poised for a major transition. If he is able to pull this off, get divorced, catch a plane to Florida, using my apartment as a temporary home base, then this entire miserable year of pain and trauma will have served a purpose. In an attempt to revive my energies, I eat a bowl of blackeyed peas mixed with pynam hooks. Fred told me that I walk like a black man. How about that? I've already started drinking a 12 pack of Natural Ice.

"And all this on foot, in the company of homeless picturesque tramps, with nights around fires on the steppe, in abandoned houses, under rowboats turned upside down. How many adventures, encounters, friendships, fights, nocturnal confessions! What material for the future writer, and what a school for the future revolutionary!"

§§

Also, on page 136: Christopher Marlowe was close to the court because he was under investigation for his monstrous opinions.

Perhaps I am the Second Coming of Christopher Marlowe.

§§

I have been terribly unhappy here in Washington. I wish I hadn't lost the journals from last February as it was a very painful period of my life. The experiences I've endured over this past year have been a "learning process".

Now nobody at all seems to post anything on my website. Am I being isolated in a dimension called loneliness? I am in a place where spirits get eaten.

§ §

[Demonic possession is recognized, as a psychiatric or medical diagnosis, by ~~either~~ the DSM-IV the Spiritual Problem of V62.89 or the ICD-10 as F44.3 Trance and possession disorders. There are many psychological disorders ailments commonly misunderstood as demonic possession, particularly dissociative identity disorder.

There are various disorders which may mimic demonic possession, including schizophrenia and other periods of psychosis. General psychotic episodes, such as might accompany mood disorders, can also closely simulate a state of demonic possession.

The superhuman strength often exhibited by individuals who are possessed might be explained by the presence of a bipolar disorder. Bipolar disorders are frequently accompanied by psychoses, particularly during the manic episodes.]

§ §

"Only a monster can allow himself to see things as they are." ~ Cioran

I went back to naming my website, "Mudslide Mike and the Theoreticians of Rebellion"

The current description includes a phrase taken from Joe Stack's Manifesto - "the storms raging in our heads..."

Here it is:

We attempt to articulate the storms raging in our heads... This world of ours is a place where spirits get eaten, therefore protect your spirit! If you want to see the hidden, your soul is your best friend.

(more diswanson back to Honorary Members)
make sure noal is an honorary member...

Link (WP)

search for ~~Karen Higgins~~ → Arm the spirit
check email (DIANA BLOCK)

§ §
I sent information to my sister to contact 4 friends should some disaster occur.

§ §
My nephew's phone is disconnected. I wonder if he is suffering from regrets. Alas, I have finally grown frustrated with his disrespecting me and using me as an emergency safety net. Now, it is over. Our bond is not what it once was. Perhaps Robin has him at her mercy now.

Truth is the enemy of power. Power and virtue are antonyms.

§ 3

[I have been forced to find Pemmian within myself. The Anglo-Saxon world considers Hermann Hesse to be heavy and dull, and for this reason, his complete works have never been published in English. In the Spanish-speaking world, the situation is quite different, however, and Hesse has been so widely and repeatedly read that the young people of South America virtually consider him as a prophet.]

Miguel Ferrano gives me some insight into "Abraxas" ... I had been so inspired when I read Pemmian as a teen that my secret scribbles (diaries) were filled with the name. My Uncle (Tom Weber) would interrogate me as to who this Abraxas was ... he brought some of my diaries to my maternal grandfather, Charlie Weber, who would accuse me of being a subversive pinko commie. After this, I set all my diaries on fire (written prior to 1986) and buried the ashes at "the Pit" near Lake Topanemus behind the Shray residence.

14
Abraxas is a Gnostic god who existed long before Christ. He may be equated, too, with the Christ of Atlantis, and is known by other names by the Aborigines of the Americas.

Herman Hesse speaks of Abraxas in this way:

"Contemplate the fire, contemplate the clouds, and when omens appear and voices begin to sound in your soul, abandon yourself to them without wondering beforehand whether it seems convenient or good to do so. If you hesitate, you will spoil your own being, you will become a little more than the bourgeois facade which encloses you, and you will become a fossil. Our god is named Abraxas, and he is both god and the devil, at the same time. You will find in him both the world of light and of shadows. Abraxas is not opposed to any of your thoughts nor to any of your dreams, but he will abandon you if you become normal and unapproachable. He will abandon you and look for another vessel in which to cook his thoughts."

FINDING DEMIAN WITHIN MYSELF

Tomorrow, perhaps on the way to the library,
I will drop off a sheet of
paper on which I transcribed
"Words of Meng-Tse" for Freddie
Brown which I will make sense
of my leaving the inflatable mattress
with him upon leaving
Federal Way :

When a man has reached old age
And has fulfilled his mission,
He has a right to confront
The idea of death in peace.
He has no need of other men.
He knows them and knows enough about them.
What he needs is peace.
It isn't good to visit this man
Or to talk to him,
To make him suffer banalities.
One must give a wide berth
To the door of his house,
As if no one lived there.



I am constantly refining the site description at isis - "Mudslide Mike & the Theoreticians of Rebellion".

"This world of ours is a place where spirits get eaten, therefore protect your spirit! Your soul is your best friend. Meanwhile, some of us attempt to articulate the storms raging in our heads..."

I shortened it to:

"Some of us are attempting to articulate the storms raging in our heads... Look out world, I here we come !!!!!!!"

Σ 3

[It is difficult for me to believe that I will be on a train this coming Sunday heading back across the continent far, far away from this area that seems to have I believed it had me at its mercy.]

Am I not "keeping my life together" regardless of the fact I have been "self medicating"? Social Security and rental assistance affords me the opportunity to exist without selling myself to a place like Safeway. Who needs pride? Who needs social status? There are those who would condemn me as a "con-artist" for "living off taxes".

[Others might advise me to just count my blessings and shut the fuck up, I before
but I can't resist pissing on the masses from a considerable height.

I am an underground theorist.
Some would wish me harm, or some kind of forced labor as punishment for having shipped out of the harness. Why wouldn't I use my intelligence to survive, even if this means living off the taxes? The mechanics and the civil servants cry out, "We paid for that little bastard's education and now we're paying his rent, buying his beer, his tobacco, and the vasoline he jerks off with!"

[There is sure to be a war against those on public assistance. When I go swimming in the Atlantic ocean after eating bagels and eggs and smoking a few joints, this will enrage the worker-bees, the so-called "responsible citizen". Some people just get so furious to see a joker ship out of the harness with such shameless audacity.

23 February 2010 Tuesday

At isis, move Mattius to honorary members and confirm that Drift is on that list as well.

Confirm that noal is still a Theoretician!
tell Gil → 11-7 Baffare 3PM

§ 3

┌

The television is a tool for mass hypnosis. Within 30 seconds of television viewing, brain waves switch from predominantly beta waves, indicating alert and conscious attention, to predominantly alpha waves, indicating an unfocused, receptive lack of attention. Television transmits information much like hypnosis.

Six companies controlled all of the major media outlets in the United States. When one controls the information on TV, can be referred to one controls the people who are absorbing the information. In order to take back our minds, we must first learn to "Unplug the Signal."

§ 3

The Great Unconscious Mind had me up by 4AM saying, "God helps those who rise early." I finished packing suitcases, cleaned microwave and stove, I cooked eggs/potatoes, swept floor, boxed up clothes to be discarded, etc...

It is awe-inspiring to me how I intuitively knew not to hang at the library today as I am tied up trying to get electricity turned on. The GAS can't be on until 25th so there's a chance INSPECTION BE POSTPONED

§§

Landlord Marshal Segman will meet with section 8 case worker Lanna Hardy on March 1st while I'm on the train. He wants me to lie to my case worker telling her he already gave me the Keys. Hell no. I will get money order for \$775.00 while in Freehold, on Thursday, March 4th made out to Sparkle & Shine Inc.

§§

Now, although I normally would venture down to the library I might about now, I feel the Great Tiredness overtaking me. I may just check email at my office then return here for a cat nap.

§§

24 February 2010 Wednesday

I arise wanting to critique the Manifesto of Joe Stack. He asks "Why did this have to happen?"

He says that, "The simple truth is that it is complicated and has been coming for a long time. The writing process was intended to be therapy in the face of the looming realization that there isn't enough therapy ~~that can~~ in the world."

that can fix what is really broken."

He goes on ... "I find the process of writing it [The Manifesto of Joe Stack] frustrating, tedious, and probably pointless ... especially given my gross inability to gracefully articulate my thoughts in light of the storm raging in my head."

"Why is it a handful of thugs and plunderers can commit unthinkable atrocities (and in the case of the GM executives, for scores of years) and when its time for their gravy train to crash under the weight of their gluttony and overwhelming stupidity, the full force of the federal government has no difficulty coming to their aid within days if not hours? Yet at the same time, the joke we call the American medical system! ..."

This dude was on point!

"The political representatives, (thieves, liars, and self-serving scumbags is far more accurate) have endless time to sit around for year after year and debate the state of the 'terrible healthcare system problem'. It's clear they see no crisis as long as the dead people don't get in the way of their corporate profits rolling in."

[As time slips away here in Federal Way, I become increasingly anxious to "get the show on the road," to get in that taxi cab after turning in my keys, and to catch the Amtrak train (079D60) at 4:40 PM in Downtown Seattle.]

I may defrost and clean the refrigerator today so as to be ready for management to walk through the apartment Saturday.

[In the meantime, Mudslide Mike & the Theoreticians of Rebellion forge ahead with its intellectual blood bank. "23" submitted another essay by Joe Bageant who resides in Ajijic, Mexico called Round Midnight: Tortillas and the Corporate State.

He mentions that, from the beginning in the United States, there was always the petty bourgeoisie more than happy to do the dirty work of the most elite owning class, in hopes of currying its favor. You could then, as you can now, depend on the true middle class, in hopes of currying its favor that 15% or so, capitalists & communists to crush the working class. They will do anything to remain in a more privileged zone of consumption, the boundaries of which are maintained by

agreement of state authorities. "From their petty perches, they have deemed themselves 'the middle class.' In reality they are the mitigating class, the petty annotated whose job it is to obscure class awareness in America."

["An awareness of class makes clear who is fucking whom. That's why American capitalism's official line, is that we are a 'classless society'. Denying the existence of class, deeming all Americans (excepting a few too-obvious-to-be-denied cases, such as inner city blacks and the poorest of immigrants), 'middle class' was one of American capitalism's great strokes of genius. It blurred the line between workers and capitalism's middle class commissariat - the petty business, mid-management, teaching, and owning class, managing the rest of us for the elites."

"The bourgeoisie will listen closely enough for opportunity, a buck to be made, or perhaps the next new antidepressant for a demoralized, passive and discouraged republic."

note: the unbearable ugliness of the American condition]

Well, I have \$65.⁰⁰ for the taxi cab and one small pouch of tobacco or a pack of smokes depending on whether the ride is \$51 or \$56. ... I would be wise not to take any chances with alcohol Sunday (or even today and tomorrow). Tobacco and coffee should suffice.

My heart is filled with mirth like "The Prophet".
People of Federal Way ... People of Seattle ...
People of Woodmont & Library ... I have been passionate, outspoken and often reckless; but I have been myself. May the people I have come to know remain in the memory of my heart vibrations.

I choose to isolate these past two nights because I want to remain focused. I owe this to myself, to my mother, and to all those who pray for my safe return. This is no time to be reckless.

§§

I was able to clean the refrigerator today, and that is truly a relief. Tomorrow I will clean bathroom and kitchen, remove furniture from apartment, and hand over air mattress & blankets to Freddie Brown. I will sleep on the floor Saturday night and discard all kitchen stuff Sunday morning before reserving taxi for NOON. I will then cancel phone

A hand-drawn map of the central United States on lined paper. The map shows the outlines of several states with their names written in capital letters. At the top, 'CANADA' is written. Below it, 'Seattle' is marked with a dot. The states shown include WASHINGTON, OREGON, IDAHO, MONTANA, NORTH DAKOTA, MINNESOTA, WISCONSIN, ILLINOIS, and MISSOURI. 'Chicago' is marked with a dot in Illinois. The drawing is simple, with black ink outlines and handwritten text.

2 March 2010 Tuesday

When the train stopped in Minot, North Dakota, I found many "smiles" in an ashtray that were a little damp, but salvagable. When I got back on the train to my sleeper, I clipped the filters off and rapped out the damp tobacco onto some paper, pulling it all apart so that it could dry.

Now I awaken in the middle of the night to enjoy yet another glimpse at the full moon. I pulled up about 12 cigarettes total, which will be great to smoke in Chicago ~~tomorrow~~ this evening.

The train just stopped in Fargo. The time says 3AM, about 45 minutes behind "schedule"? Does that mean we won't get to Chicago until 4:40PM, like 14 hours from now? That really won't matter too much, as the train to Penn Station leaves at ~~9PM~~ Chicago at 9PM regardless.

Today I will eat lunch later than usual since I will be riding "Coach" in Chicago and will not have funds available for food until tomorrow for breakfast, tomorrow being the 3rd of the month when the government relief check gets deposited into my account.

§§

Morbidly self-absorbed? Is it anybody's business why I write or what I write?
The moon and the coffee combine with the rolling train, making me feel like I am living a science-fiction.

My imagination is wide awake now. Tomorrow I will have funds for breakfast, and I will need funds in order to eat for I will be on "coach"; but today I am not in need of funds as I am in a "sleeping car" - first class passenger.

Much of the excitement and anxiety over returning to "New Jersey" has subsided over the past 40 hours of this 76 hour trek. I am beginning to fathom what Deleuze & Guattari meant when they said that philosophy must become science-fiction.

Like "Dark City", there is the possibility for everything to change when our environment changes.

§§

I suppose it is about 11AM as the train just went over the Mississippi River from ~~Minnesota~~ Minnesota to Wisconsin. I am towards the end of "My Truth: Book One" (September 2009).

I came across this revelation on p 173 of that volume: "While leaving NJ has been a nightmare something magical happened in the process."

Well, I have become more free. Now I not only own very few possessions, but I have no desire to own much of anything. In modern American society, this is a miracle!

Another note from My Truth: Book One, this one left on p. 180:

2. [

"The Cynics renounced all private property in order to attain the bliss of having nothing to trouble them; and to renounce society with the same object is the wisest thing a man can do." ~ Schopenhauer]

§§

Well, now I am no longer in "First Class", and the difference is apparent even while waiting in Chicago.

At a little after 5PM, while I was heading up the elevator to get to the street so as to smoke some of the sniped tobacco I had gathered along the way from Seattle to Chicago, I ran into a woman from India, who was struggling with her luggage. They had left her high and dry, and she was in a panic. I had a cart, so I put my animals on my back and placed her luggage on my cart and crossed the street with her, seeing her to a taxi cab.

78
I am sure that, if she knew how very poor I was, she would have handed me some cash for food, but I did not want money anyway. I was simply being human in a world that is rapidly forgetting what it means to be human.

Before getting in the cab, she told me I was like an angel to her ... This warmed my heart.

§§

I called Freddie Brown to let him know I made it to Chicago. He sounded genuinely pleased to hear that I made it this far and that I thought enough of him to contact him.

This is a long journey, and I just wanted him to know I didn't get stranded in Seattle. He said he would let people know that I was well on my way to the east coast.

With several hours to "kill" here in Chicago before boarding the train and no funds for food, I will just relax and go through my diaries - my true literature.

§§

On my next trip up for a cigarette, an African woman ("African-American") holding a small Dixie cup of change asked if I could help her get some food. I told her, "I have no money at all. I am very hungry myself. I wish I had some bread."

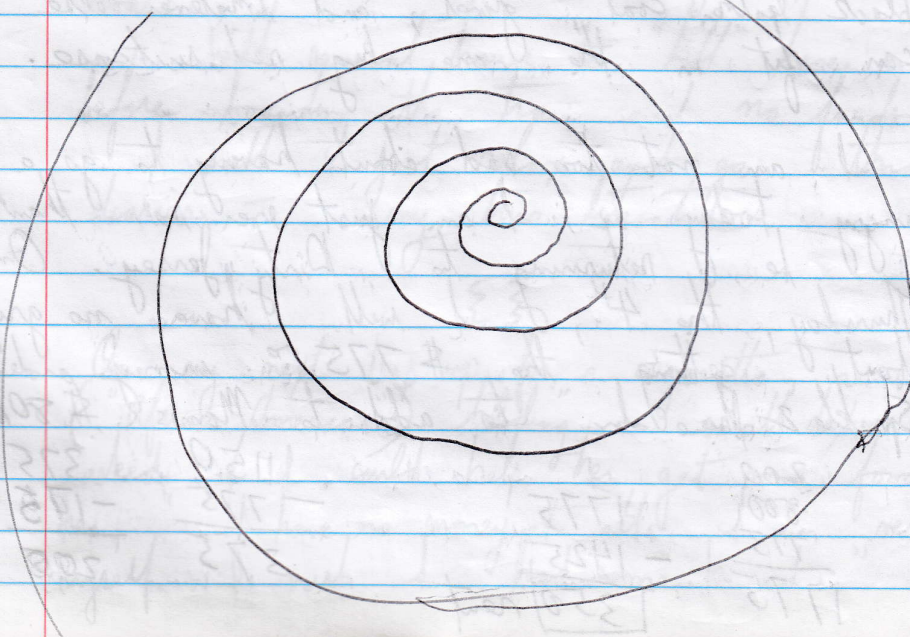
PP

§ §

Phenomenology is just another word for "self-observation." From October 2009, p. 182 of "My Truth: Book 2." And what is "keeping a diary," but intense self-observation?

§ §

I made it onto train #8 (coach) heading to Penn Station in New York. I just have to get through the night and I can buy some breakfast in the morning. I have 2 more journals to get through from October 2009 through the end of January 2010. This exercise at this time will really help me process my emotional presence and possibly even "re-group" by the time I reach those who care about me most.



EXPERIENCING ENCHANTMENT

3 March 2010 Wednesday

On page 1 of "My Truth: Book 3" (Oct 2009)
is written:

"Stripped of common sense, the world-of-experience becomes enchanting and we need not transcend the disturbances (anxiety), but embrace the anxiety as our reality rather than seek to escape it."

It's now about 0600 hours. I slept through the night, and soon the sun will rise, or will it? In this "Dark City" science fiction world-of-experience, there is the anxiety of the unknown. I pray that in 12 hours, around 6:30 PM, I meet my parents at Penn Station in New York City. I pray they are safe and well, and that we are all enchanted. I pray for ENCHANTMENT. As if by magic, surely there will be enough funds available on my debit card for a good breakfast.

Or should I just live on rolls and coffee?
The "sit down" would involve tips...

Maybe I would be better off buying a
couple beers and a couple hard
rolls for breakfast. I'll have to
check it out.

I am enchanted today. The Cognitive
Unconscious has been on the ball
and paying attention. My mother, father,
and I (DADDY, MOMMY, ME) have
been a great team.

No longer an orphan, no longer a nomad,
I reach out to my biological parents
to pull me out of Federal Way,
Washington... I am to be
transplanted to Asbury Park, New
Jersey; but that is still another
few days off.

First there will be some hugs.
Mom, Dad, and Joe (brother-in-law) in
Manhattan... a drive back into
Dirty Jersey... going through luggage to
get essentials & clothes in one
case... driving to Mom's residence
in Lakewood... eating chili with Mom...
a good sleep... FREEHOLD TOMORROW!

§ §

"With friends like that, who needs enemies?"

§ §

I would like to get closer to present and living reality. Is the present moment also a memory? Going out, West forced me to experience my isolation in a hostile and indifferent universe. Having 2 parents alive who care about me and who are willing to help me is a blessing I can't allow myself to take for granted.

§ §

Do I hold a grudge against my nephew?

In Fyodor Dostoevsky's The Idiot, Prince Myshkin is considered an "idiot" only because he does not hold grudges.

Made ridiculous, insulted, jeered at, even threatened with death by Rogozhin, "the prince" forgives.

As if he had an inkling of the suffering that underlies aggression, he ignores them, withdraws, and even gives solace to those who have abused him.

§§

This "landlord" takes all that security and rent, leaves me with the keys to that dump, then travels back to Manalapan to base in his suburban mini-castle.

Landlords. I will be content there in spite of the condition of the structure.

With magic I will transform 311 7th Ave Apartment 9 into Parallel Universe #9.

§§

6 March 2010 Saturday

Now that I have the keys to the nest in AP, I will prepare my mind for a simple routine. It will take me awhile to get used to where I am, but I am no further from the library than I was in Ocean Grove. At least now I am where I "belong," meaning, I am not a phony white Christian I but a Heretic in Chains.

§§

My last email to my nephew may have reached him. He has not responded. For whatever reason, he wants me to see myself as a psychotic alcoholic man filled with hatred.

The reality is that I am extremely patient with the wealthy swine and their lapdog minions. At this point in my life, the winters are long, and the summers a fleeting memory.

And yet here I sit in the cold with warm sunshine pouring down on me. Over the past couple months I have been preparing for this transition. I was in another hole sinking down, locking horns with the big dogs, getting a reputation as a tantrum niggerfit lunatic who can be extremely kind and naive one minute - and then a hostile gorilla the next.

I don't care about my website today.

Just like when I was 18 out of high school, getting pressured to stick myself in a bank wearing a tie and jacket, when all I wanted to do was drink coffee, smoke cigarettes & weed, and grab my pen and pad to scribble.

And breathe deep breaths in sunbeams. La-La Land? Maybe so. Is LaLaLand the place I go when I daydream of beautiful black women? Is LaLaLand where I go when I just accept my lifestyle as it is, believing I may be tough for the zoo-keepers to MANAGE?

✓ ✓ { } ✓ ✓
Crows everywhere I go ... but not many crows in
Ashbury Park — mostly sea eagles

{ }
Such a relaxing day today is — my mother's birthday.
I treated her to a little lunch, big
spender, right? I really did bring the
sunshine back to the east coast.

I went out to Manolokin near Manj's. The
beach is beautiful there. No boardwalk, no
bathrooms. I laid down on a blanket and
rested in the sand, in warm sunbeams, feeling
all my worries and concerns just evaporated
into Nothingness.

My nephew accuses me of being self-absorbed.
Well, I here I am, sitting in more sunbeams,
in blissfulness. I will continue to be
a scavenger, even a parasite. As long as I
am willing to take what I can get,
as long as I lower my standards,
simplify my cosmogony and focus on satisfying
my primitive needs, I will not waste
any more energy hating those who work so
hard for status symbols that mean nothing to
me. As long as I possess inner wealth, as
long as I enjoy "true wealth", I am liberated from
"resentment".]

I have the Beginner's Mind. I have given up trying to fit into the workforce, and hence I am "sitting on my check". In a few days I am sure to be broke. I will want to switch banks as soon as possible. I will test out ATM machines at B&A to ensure the Washington card works here in Jersey.

All I want to do now is nap in sunbeams.

§§

And what a great nap it was! Could I have been dreaming of Briens? [It sure is a good thing that I do not live right there in Freehold or I would have nothing to do but walk the tracks out to the same fields and woods I've been running to for forty years, or at least 30 years, I now.]

After such a relaxing day, now I go to pups with my parents at my sister's with her family - the entire small family minus my nephew, Joseph Michael Marchini. I've never been too harsh with him as he is sensitive like me; but these days after experiencing what it is like to depend on him and be left to die, my heart simply does not ache at all for him. When I gather in Freehold, I may ask Dad for a couple beers... or even run over to Beltraire in search of Freedom in a green bottle.

££

I am a difficult specimen to manage or control.
One of the motivations for my abandoning all my possessions and leaving NJ back in January 2009 was to escape my ties to - CPC Behavioral Healthcare in Aberdeen / Red Bank.

I wonder if I am required to have a psychiatrist and psychiatric surveillance of my compliance or lack of compliance with prescriptions. The fact is that marijuana does help "balance me out".

I like nothing better than doing nothing all day, but, without a watch, I feel I am compelled to haul ass down to the library even if just to see what time it is. I've been very lazy today, celebrating and embracing my deadbeat way of life.

££

The computer network is down today at the APPLibrary, but I was able to pick up my ID. The head librarian recognized me immediately, acknowledging she hadn't seen me in a very long time. I saw the young attractive woman (Latina) who I also work there. She gave me a little smile. I wonder if she and I might ever become more intimate.

I actually do love living in Ashbury Park, but today I feel compelled to go into Freshfield, round 3.

I can get coffee and coffee maker when I go to the foodstore with mom. Today I will 195-100 = 95 for 1 tobacco card (headphones and some taxes. I may even go to Matawan... We'll see.

15 headphones
35 Baglar
30 trees
80

bones only
20 for
beer and
transportation.

Matawan?

We'll see

Ignatius Reilly of Toole's A Confederacy of Dunces,
psychotically dedicated to the liberation of
the "slave caste" in the Industrial World,
starting of course with my own personal
liberation.

Being free of "schedules", "programs", and
the stress associated with employment does
allow me to exist on the fringes of
"the modern world".

§ 3

The graphic novel by Derrick Jensen and Stephanie McMillan,
As the World Burns, is really helping me ~~to~~ not
only accept my anger and so-called negativity
but I actually celebrate it and embrace it.

My path is a negative one. Positive
thinking is not one of my goals. I do not
want to be cured of my powerful
emotions, nor do I want to become a
well-adjusted, productive drone.

For twelve years now I have been unemployed,
besides my stint at Shop Rite in Freehold.
I really have much in common with philosopher
Emile Cioran.

As I have been writing quite a lot as of late,
I may carry a blank notebook with me and begin
preparing the start of a new series of diaries:
Memoirs of a Mad Prophet!

I am quite aware that my refusal to adapt to the "normal" models of productivity, psychological well-being, healthy social life, has everything to do with my living radical philosophy in the flesh.

My scholarly research is like detective work and the adventure is both intellectual and emotional. I wage a private war against "obedience and discipline".

I no longer feel any compulsion to discuss my theories or my insights/philosophy with family or society. My sister has a love for me that goes deep, and I no longer have any desire to confront her or to accuse her of being a tool of fascism. Her and Joe's religiosity may be at the root of my nephew's spiritual/mental/emotional anguish and hostility.

I no longer want to discuss my ~~rose~~ theories with anyone, actually. Philosophy is a practice. Quite simply, philosophy is the art of conversing with oneself. When I am "talking to myself," I am practicing philosophy. So much of our relations are "worked out" internally within ourselves in solitude, in the privacy of our own hearts.

Now that I am limited to an hour a day on a computer and no longer even have a computer of my own, I can even pretty much retire from "Internet blogging".

The world is profoundly disinterested in anything I have to say. I will no longer waste my time "broadcasting" my radical & controversial opinions to such a small audience, but will live out my squelchy life in obscurity.

Maybe I will begin to write more honestly than ever, without an audience. I still haven't decided upon a title for the next series of Memoirs, but returning to Asbury Park, New Jersey must definitely call for a new series.

I may be caught in a vicious spiral, but do I want to embrace MADNESS as very desirable? The opposite of insanity is NOT sanity. The opposite of insanity is stupidity. Psychiatrists' behavior could induce or aggravate feelings of persecution in so-called "paranoid" patients. If the "patients" see as persecution what the psychiatrists see as therapy, the vicious spiral is on. I still haven't settled on "Memoirs of a Mad Prophet"...

In my second reading of J.M. Masson's Against Therapy: Emotional Tyranny and the myth of Psychological Healing, I intend to take some serious notes, in order to inspire further research into the wrongness and injustice of psychiatry and psychotherapy.

Psychiatry has always been intrusive, destructive, and vicious. I want to see if I can find information on Hersile Rouy in the asylums of France. Perhaps the single most important document of the social history of madness is a book written by Hersile Rouy, Memoirs of a Madwoman. The book, written in French, has never been translated into any other language, and has never been referred to in the history of psychiatry!

She wrote, "Doctor, pride is the wealth of the poor, and a poor person has the right to refuse to act as the toy of the rich." (160)

I will begin the next series of memoirs with references to Hersile Rouy's statements. Should I ever have an opportunity to type up these notes onto my website, I will, but presently this is neither an option or a concern for me. I retire into obscurity.